normal times and not one single new house built since the War began ! The condition of the refugees is quite indescribably bad. I have been to see them in their misery : there they lie, serried ranks of emaciated huddled humanity, brutalised by their abject surroundings, corroded by disease, men, women and children of different races and languages crowded and congested like litters of pigs in an asphyxiating sty ; no order is kept by the police or anybody else, daughters outraged under their mothers' eyes night after night, children naked and hungry : and there are as many sleeping in the streets as there are in these barracks. . . .

The Opera and the Ballet go on every night: yesterday there was an order that all restaurants, etc., were to be closed at n —and the cries of the well-to-do were heart-rending ! It was high time. Everything and everybody presages a terrible future for the now governing classes when the War is over, *but not before*—on that they are equally unanimous. *The Emperor and Imperial family and Court have not a single friend, no^frwnds* ^ ** sa ^ ^ey have made every possible mistake.* . . . And, when the Revolution —that is what it is openly called—comes, I am told that at least half the Army is so enraged at the massacre of their fellows, consequent on the lack

of munitions, that they will side with the rebellion.

Imagine one whole Division, one of whose chief officers I saw, going into action with three rifles for every ten men and the remaining seven instructed to clap their hands to *sound* as though they were shooting from the trenches ! ! ! Of course this is much better now and there are plenty of munitions at last. . . . They simply don't